

THE
HISTORY
OF
Young Edwin and Little Jeffy:
TOGETHER WITH
AN ACCOUNT OF THE PLEASANT WALK
WHICH
WILLIAM and WINIFRED
TOOK WITH
MARGERY, WHO LIVES AT THE FOOT OF
PARNASSUS.

WRITTEN BY
THE AFORESAID MARGERY,
For the Purpose of making every Little GIRL and
BOY Good and Happy.

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1797.



THE
HISTORY
OF
YOUNG EDWIN,
AND
LITTLE JESSY.

THAT goodness is the foundation of happiness, that industry is the friend of virtue, and idleness the source of evil, you have all of you, I dare say, heard a thousand times. But which of you can say, "I am

always good, always diligent, and never idle?" I think not one. And which of you can tell me in what goodness consists, or what is the proper employment of time? All still silent! Well, I will then tell you; or rather you shall be instructed by little Jeffy and young Edwin, for they are good children.

"Yes,

" Yes, but I dare say they
are older than we are."

No, though so good, they
are very young. Edwin is but
nine years old, and little Jeffy
only eight. They are indebted
for their goodness, as well as for
happiness, to kind parents,
who early taught them, that vir-
tue was the path to peace, and
that industry led to goodness;
and that to be both virtuous and

happy, they must be punctual
in the performance of every
duty both to God and man.

And now you shall hear how
they pass their time. The tale
will soon be told; for an ac-
count of a few days is, as it
were, a history of the whole
life of my little friends.

They rise early, very early.
Their first care is to address
themselves

themselves to Heaven, in the language of supplication and praise. Would you like to hear in what manner they do this? Attend then, and I will repeat to you their

MORNING PRAYER.

“Oh, Eternal Lord, most holy God, we present ourselves before thy throne, and lift up our souls unto thee. Our blessed Saviour, when on earth, com-

manded little children to be brought unto him, and he received and blessed them. For his sake, we intreat thee to receive us, and to listen to our supplications. Thou art the Creator of all things; our Almighty Father, in whom we trust, and whom, though unseen, we love better than every thing on earth. We confess that we are sinful children, constantly doing wrong, and unworthy

unworthy of thy divine favour.
But we beseech thee to pardon
our faults, and to enable us to
act better for the time to come.
We pray thee to continue to us
health, strength, and all the
comforts we now enjoy; to
bless us, and to make us daily
improve in all useful know-
ledge. But, above all things,
we intreat thee to give us grace
to worship thee acceptably, to
praise thy name, and to conti-

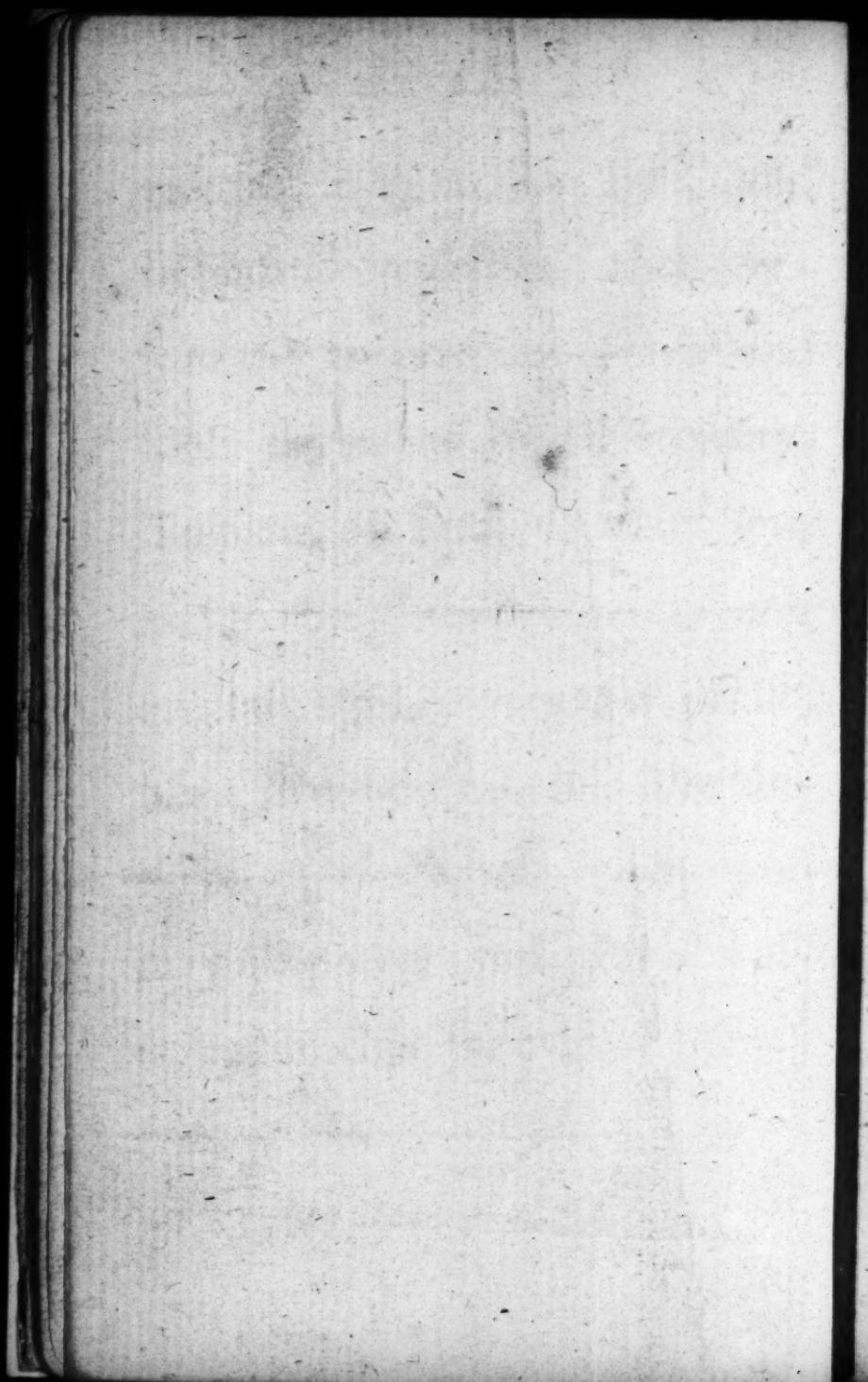
nue with reverence to adore
thee for all thy goodness, and all
thy mercies, as long as we re-
main in the land of the living.
We would intercede with thee
to bless the whole world. But
more particularly we pray thee
to pour down thy favours on
our dear father and mother, and
on all our friends. Deliver
them from all evil; from all
they feel, and all they fear; and
lead them, and us, into all good.

We

We resign ourselves wholly, our souls and our bodies, into the hands of Jefus our Redeemer, trusting in his mercy that he will clothe us with righteousness, and make us accepted by a holy and just God. And now we would give thanks to thee for all thy goodness. For having raised us up this morning with health and renewed strength to serve thee. Oh may we continue this delightful service

vice as long as we live, and hereafter worship thee before thy throne, and praise and bless thy name to all eternity. To thee, oh Father, to thy Son, and to the Holy Ghost, belong everlasting honour and praise. May thy name be glorious through the whole earth, and may all power and glory be ascribed to thee for ever. Amen."

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in all its various stages. First the beautiful pink blossom, then the scarcely-formed apple, and after that the fine ripened codling.

The indulgent father enjoyed, in prospect, the pleasure his children would have in observing all this.

Edwin's pleasure was evident. He took great care of his tree, and it was very fruitful.

But it was not so with little playful Jeffy. She constantly forgot her's; forgot to scrape off the moss, and to cut away the cross branches, which prevent a tree from flourishing; and so it grew sickly, withered, and died. Her disappointment, when she saw the fate of her poor tree, was indeed a punishment to her for her carelessness. When the summer came on, and the sultry noon

day

day fun faded, and made her favourite flowers droop, she regretted her poor tree, that would have afforded them such delightful shade.

But this was an useful lesson; and it early taught her, that the fault which she lamented might be amended by her future care and diligence.

When Edwin and little Jefsy enter the breakfast parlour, their first care is to salute their father and mother with affection and respect. After this, they notice with politeness every other person in the room.

Their morning meal being ended, they regularly attend Mrs. Afgill into their father's study; and there receive from their kind mother those useful lessons,

lessons, which make them such docile and good children. They can already read and speak English remarkably well; they can write, and have begun to learn French. Little Jessy can play two or three tunes on the piano forte; and while she is employed with her music, Edwin learns arithmetic.

In this manner they pass their morning hours; and as each

each day adds to their age, so each day gives them an addition of goodness and knowledge.

Mr. and Mrs. Asgill always indulge their children, by allowing them to dine with them in the parlour; they have learned to be so good and moderate, that seeing a variety on the table is no inducement to them to exceed in eating; they know,

that

that when hunger is satisfied, it would be quite wrong to be tempted by sweetmeats, or any dish that pleases their palate, to eat more.

They never begin any repast without praying for a blessing on the food they are going to take. When the company is large, they cannot perhaps do this aloud, but then they raise their hearts to heaven, and in words

words like these address Almighty God :

GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

" We pray thee, oh God, to give thy blessing to each meal we take, that it may confirm our health, and add to our strength : and we pray for thy grace to employ this health and strength in thy service, and to thy glory."

After

After their temperate meals
are ended, they never rise from
table without returning thanks.
Sometimes in secret, sometimes
aloud, will they say this

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

“ Almighty God, we praise
thee for all thy blessings ; at
this time we return our parti-
cular thanks for the food which
thou daily provideſt for our
nourishment. Pardon all our
faults,

faults, and still continue to us
thy mercies, for Jesus Christ's
sake, Amen."

Thus punctual in the perfor-
mance of each duty, their minds
are at ease, and they are cheer-
ful and happy all the day long.

They have sometimes, it is true,
departed a little from what is
right; for who is perfectly good?
nothing, however, can induce

them to tell a falsehood : you shall have an example how strictly they attend to truth.

There is a little wall in the orchard, which Mr. and Mrs. Afgill have forbidden their children to climb upon. As it is partly broken away, were they to fall, they might greatly hurt themselves.

Little Jessy, forgetful of this prohibition, frequently still got

up to peep at the fowls in the poultry yard. This made Mrs. Asgill give her command more absolutely ; and she told her children, that whenever she knew them to have got upon this wall, they must, as a punishment, be confined to the house the following day, from morning till night.

One morning, however, little playful Jeffy, after having been employed

employed with her brother in raking her garden, ran into the orchard. "Now," she said, "Edwin, I will see how many chicks the pretty guinea fowl has got;" and away she flew. Her brother called to remind her of what their mother had said; but she did not hear; on the wall she was in an instant; and, eager to reach over to look at the little unfledged chicks, down she fell.

Edwin ran, crying, “ Poor Jeffy ! Poor Jeffy ! ”

“ Oh ! ” she said, “ I have cut my arm, and what will my mother say ? ”

Edwin comforted her, assisted her; and, when the pain of the cut was passed, he lamented with her on her disobedience, “ To-morrow,” he said, “ you know my father had promised to take

take us to town, to the Leverian Museum ; that pretty Museum over Blackfriars Bridge, where we are told there are such fine birds and beasts, and so many curious things ; and now you must stay at home. Oh, sister, I am very sorry."

"But," said Jeffy, "my arm has done bleeding ; if you do not tell, nobody will know that I have fallen down."

"Yes," said Edwin, "but when my mother asks you, as she does every day, if you have been on the wall, will you tell an untruth?"

"Oh," cried Jeffy, "I had forgot that; I must not tell an untruth—but then I shall not go out; well, it would be better to bear that punishment, than offend Almighty God by an untruth."

"Indeed,"

"Indeed," said Edwin, "it would, I would do so myself; and yet I am very sorry, for I am sure you will lose a great deal of pleasure by staying at home."

When they went in to breakfast, Mrs. Asgill said, "My dears, I hope I shall hear that you have both of you obeyed me this morning, and amused yourselves in the orchard, without climbing on the broken wall."

Poor

Poor Jeffy blushed, looked down ; she hesitated ; she was going to say she had ; but recollecting herself, she resolved not to tell a falsehood ; she said to herself, “ if I were to succeed in concealing my fault from my mother, my Almighty Father knows all that I do ; and how justly I should incur his displeasure, by telling what is untrue : ” so then little Jeffy said, “ I forgot for a moment what

what my dear mama had told me, and I did go on the wall, but I hope she will forgive me ; I will be more attentive to all she says in future." She then showed her arm.

Mrs. Asgill lamented the accident, applied something to heal the wound, and told her child, " that she could not be angry with her, as she acknowledged her fault, but that she must submit

submit to her punishment of staying at home the next day."

This Jeffy readily consented to, to make amends for her disobedience; and she staid at home, all alone. But she was not very dull; for she remembered that she had gained her mother's approbation, and received her praises, for having acknowledged her fault; and this

this recollection made her cheerful.

When Edwin returned, he did all he could to make his sister share the pleasure he had had, by giving her a most exact description of all he had seen.

Poor little Jeffy's fault made a serious impression on them both,

both, and they were doubly careful to obey their parents most strictly in future.

" And did Edwin never do wrong ? "

Yea, even the good Edwin sometimes acted amiss. He has now and then been idle, and even occasionally, but very seldom, he has been disobedient.

But

But when he does wrong, he is never cheerful and happy. For it is impossible to be cheerful and naughty. The hearts of all who act ill must be heavy.

One day Edwin, who is in general so good, shewed himself both unfeeling and impatient. He was working in his garden; a poor soldier begged of him. He was lame, and he pleaded how hungry he was; that he

was unable now to work for money, and that he had not one farthing even to buy himself bread. Poor man ! he had lost his leg, and become lame in fighting for his country. It was cruel not to listen to his complaint ! He still continued begging, as he peeped through a break in the hedge. At last Edwin told him, that he should give him nothing, and that he might go away.

Naughty

Naughty boy! he had never felt hunger, or at least never without knowing where instantly to get food to satisfy it, and he was regardless of this poor creature's wants.

The poor old soldier still begged; and Edwin then told him, with more impatience, not to tease him, that he had told him before he had nothing for him.

At this moment Mr. Asgill passed along the garden walk. He heard his son's words; he was surprized, sorry, and angry. He gave the poor man half a crown, and reproved his son very severely for his unfeeling and uncharitable conduct.

Edwin instantly asked his father's pardon.

Mr. Asgill told him, that he most readily forgave him, if he were

were sensible of his fault; but he regretted for him that he had lost an opportunity of relieving distress, which to a good heart is always an unspeakable satisfaction; and he told him he had offended and hurt a poor old man, who perhaps had been bravely defending his country, and by losing a limb, and being otherwise maimed, had gained misery for himself, at least as far as bodily suf-

ferings could give misery, for
the remainder of his days.

Poor honest man! to be thus
treated by a boy; one from
whom thy misfortunes and
grey hairs should have com-
manded respect,

Edwin keenly felt his father's
words; his eyes were filled
with tears; but he was out of
sight in a moment. He ran to
call

call the poor soldier, who, being lame, had walked slowly, and had got but a little way from the garden. He brought him back.

"Now," said Edwin to his father, "I beg you will let me punish myself. Pray allow me to give this poor man my dinner, and I will fast until supper time."

Mr.

Mr. Asgill consented, and Edwin did as he had said, and found himself happy in having made this little amends, trifling as it was, for his fault. The poor boy was very hungry, for he had run and played in the garden a great while, but he had determined to fast till supper time, and he rigidly followed his resolution. When he felt hungry, and very hungry he was, he reflected how often probably

probably the poor creature, whom he had so ill treated in the morning, had suffered still more severely from want of food.

No one always does right; but the way to become good is in this manner to repair a fault, as soon as we are sensible of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Asgill are regular in their attendance at church

church on Sundays, and their children always attend them. When there, they do not follow the example of too many idle boys and girls, who stare about, talk and laugh, observing the dress and manner of each person who enters the church. The house of God always impresses upon them that seriousness and reverence, which is suited to the solemnity of its worship. In prayer, they address Heaven with

with earnestness and true devotion; in singing, they praise and bless God with hearts and voices tuned to joyful thanksgiving. They observe with attention the words of the sermon, and what is sometimes above their comprehension, they retain in their memories till they return home, and then ask their kind parents to explain it to them. Thus you see they lose no opportunity of improvement,

ment, and they daily grow wiser and better.

You have heard how my little friends begin their days, now would you like to know how they end them! Oh, they pass their evenings most merrily.

They never quarrel; they scarcely know what it is to dispute, even for a moment. After tea they always entertain

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themselves with some cheerful plays. Mr. and Mrs. Asgill are indulgent enough to join their children in most of their little amusements. After having passed an hour or two in this manner, they retire to rest; and as they began the day, so they always conclude it, with supplication and praise.

Now we will attend them in their evening devotions.

Edwin generally says the prayers aloud, and Jessy joins him silently, but with great attention. They often use this

EVENING PRAYER.

“ Most merciful Lord God,
with reverence and all humility
do we approach thy throne
of grace. We beseech thee to
look down upon us, and to

hearken

hearken unto the prayers of thy children. Thou art an Almighty God, the greatest of all beings; thy power, thy wisdom, thy goodness, and thy mercy, are infinite. Thou art the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who in great mercy did enter the world, and submitted to misery, and to the agonies of death, to cleanse us from sin. Oh most gracious God, we are sinful children; we are con-

stantly disobeying thy holy laws. What shall we do to please thee better? With sorrow we will confess our sins, and firmly resolve to do what is right for the time to come. Pardon then, O Lord, all our former transgressions; let them be blotted out by the blood of our blessed Saviour. We pray, we intreat thee for blessings on the whole world: but we implore thee for thy choicest favours on

our

our dear father and mother,
and on all our friends. Let them
be sharers of thy comforts here,
and receive them hereafter to
immortal bliss. We commit
ourselves wholly into thy hands.
Bless us with prosperity, or
withdraw thy blessings, as shall
seem best unto thee. Enable
us only to receive our portion
on earth with a cheerful submis-
sion. We thank thee for the
hope thou hast given us of an

immortal life. Oh grant that we may obtain that unspeakable felicity, which is promised to every faithful believer in Jesus, who obeys the will of his divine Master. All thy works praise thee, and thy saints bless thee ; with them we would join in praises and blessings, to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, to all eternity. Amen."

And

Their evening duty of prayer thus ended, they retire to bed, cheerful and happy, as may be supposed, after a day thus passed in innocence and goodness ; and they rise in the morning, blithe and merry as little larks ; and again resume their daily duties, with easy minds and cheerful hearts. Their goodness gains them the approbation of their friends, and the love of God, and secures their own quiet.

And now would you all like to be happy? If you would, try to resemble young Edwin and little Jeffy; and then you will be happy, happier than I can tell you: happy here, and hereafter.

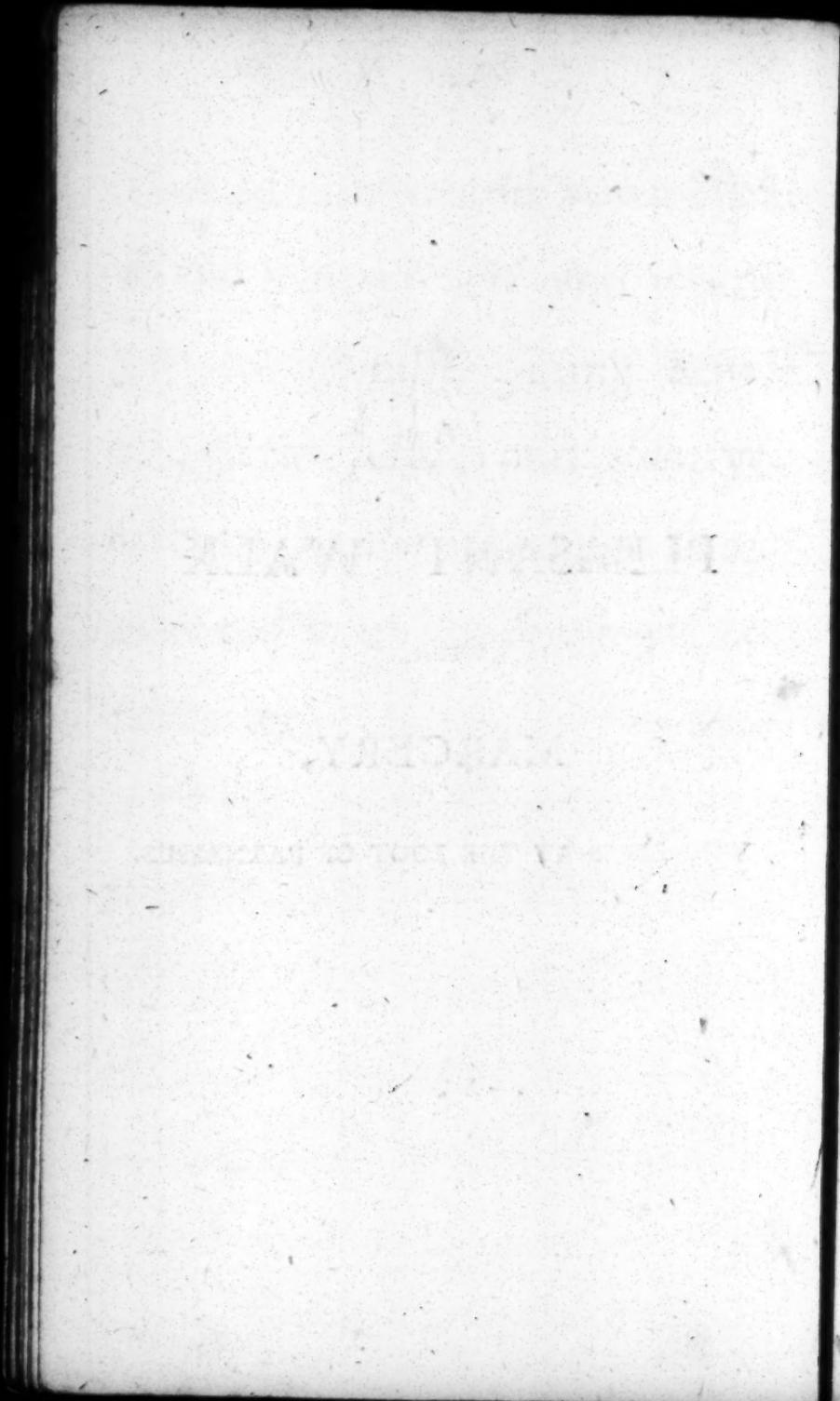
A

PLEASANT WALK

WITH

MARGERY,

WHO LIVES AT THE FOOT OF PARNASSUS.



A

PLEASANT WALK, &c. &c.

NOW as Margery, who lives at the foot of Parnassus, who wrote the pretty story about young Edwin and little Jeffy, which you have just read; as this same Margery (I say) was one day peeping out of the door of her house, who do you think she saw? a pretty little boy

and girl. And she said to them,
“ My dears, what do you do
here ? Little boys and girls sel-
dom come this way. When I was
a little girl I wandered as far as
you have done, and then I
wanted to climb that high
mountain yonder, called Par-
nassus ; and I tried, and tried,
but I could not get up one step.
And I thought it looked so
pleasant and pretty, I was quite
angry no body would come and

shew

shew me how to get to the top of it. And then when I grew bigger, I resolved to live at the bottom of this great hill, in hopes that some of those wise people who are at the top would come down, and shew me the way up. But here I stay, all alone; they never come near me. So, my dears, if you want to climb Parnassus, go home, and read your books, and grow very wise, for that is

the way I am told to get up that high hill."

" Oh," said William and Winifred, " we did not come to go up that mountain; we only want to find good Margery, who wrote the pretty story about young Edwin and little Jeffy."

" Here, then, I am," said Margery. " I was just going

to

to write another tale to amuse
good children ; but I will put
away my pen and paper, and
take a walk with you, for I am
very glad to see you."

Now, it was a fine spring
morning, neither very hot nor
very cold ; the sun was shining,
and the birds were singing, and
the sheep were bleating, and the
little lambs playing, and the trees
and the fields looked so green and

pretty! So they set out to take
a walk.

And Margery said, as they
were going along, "Well, have
you learned from Edwin and
Jeffy to be very good and very
happy?"

"Oh," said William, "I
have got no money, so I cannot
be as happy as Edwin."

"Money!"

“ Money ! ” cried Margery ;
 “ but did I not tell you it was
 goodness made every body hap-
 py. Look at yon poor shep-
 herd boy ; see what a ragged
 coat he has got, and is he not
 whistling ? Oh no, he is sing-
 ing. Let us hear his song ;
 listen.”

The shepherd sung :

Gold I have none, but what care I ?
 More happy sure I could not be ;
 Now I dance, now I sing — Hy — dy —
 Lords, kings and princes look at me.

“ Now let us hear what he will say. Here, poor shepherd; how merry you are! Are you very happy ?

Shepherd. Ay, happy as the day is long.

Margery. And are you very rich?

Shepherd. No, please your Ladyship, I have got no money.

The

The folks here call me *poor Ned*; but I have all I want.

Margery, But see, how ragged your coat is,

Shepherd. Yes, but my master has promised me a new one. He is very good to me, and gives me so many pretty books to read; and with my books, my sheep, my crook, and my pipe, what can I want? Though I should

I should be more happy if my dear father were still alive.

Margery. And is your father dead, poor boy ?

Shepherd. Yes, he died about a year ago ; and he was happy and contented, and yet as poor as I am. All he had, his Bible, he left to me ; and there he told me I should find how to be good, and to be happy ; and

then

then he gave me his blessing.
'Twas all he could give ; 'twas
all he had. Oh, my poor fa-
ther !

Margery. But do not cry, my
good boy ; did you not tell me
your Bible taught you to be
happy ?

Shepherd. Yes ; I am never
sad but when I think of my poor
father ; and even then, when I
read

read my Bible, I am happy again; for there I learn that I may meet him hereafter, in a better world; and then I try to be very, very good. And when the boys, and all the people laugh at me, and say, "there goes poor ragged Ned," I do not mind them; it does not make me dull; for I remember that our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ said, "a rich man shall hardly

enter

enter into the kingdom of Heaven.”

Margery. That is right, my young shepherd ; go on to be good, and to be merry, and I shall often come and see you ; and next time I will bring you some pretty books.

“ Well,” said Margery, as they walked on, “ you see, William, it is possible to be poor and yet be happy.”

William.

William. Yes, I see it is ; and I am afraid I was ungrateful to my good papa and mama, for I am not so poor as that poor boy, and yet I was discontented !

" Well," said Winifred, " if I had but a garden like little Jessy, I should want no money. But I have no garden, and so I cannot get up soon in the morning; for when I rise early I have nothing to amuse me."

" See

“ See yonder,” said Margery,
“ those children playing ; the
little boy has got a kite ; and
what have the little girls got ?
Oh, it is a partridge. Let us go
and talk to them, and hear if
they have got *gardens* ? ”

So the children ran before,
and Margery followed as fast as
she could.

“ Oh, what a pretty kite ! ”
said William. “ Where did you

get such a large kite, and so many fine pictures on it?"

Little Boy. " My uncle gave it me, because I had learned a great deal in my Latin grammar, and could decline *Man* in Latin."

Margery. " Oh I see you are a good boy, and deserve your kite. And are those your sisters playing with a partridge?"

Little

Little Boy. “Yes, that is little Emily and Caroline. They have got a partridge that my brother gave them. When he was out shooting, he shot that poor bird in the wing, and it fell down ; but it was not dead ; so he brought it home to my sisters, and they have taken care of it ; and it is now so tame, that it eats the bread out of their hands.”

"Poor little thing," said Winifred, "I am glad its life was spared."

Margery. " You seem very cheerful and contented, my dears."

" If we were not," said Caroline, " we should be very naughty ; for we have got a good father and mother, who are so kind to us ; and we should

be

be cheerful, if it were only to please them; for if we were dull, it would make them unhappy."

Margery. " And do you rise early ?"

Caroline. " O yes; we are up before the sun."

Margery. " And how do you amuse yourselves? Have you got any gardens?"

Caroline. "No ; my father's garden is not very large, and he could not spare us any."

Margery. "But then how do you employ yourselves?"

Caroline. "When we are dressed, and have said our prayers, we go out into the fields, and seek for all the prettiest flowers, the hyacinths, and the daisies, and the butter-flowers,

and

and the primroses, and a great many more; and we make them into nosegays, to give to mama, when she comes down to breakfast; and then she is so pleased, and puts them in water to ornament her chimney; and after we have made our nosegays, if we have more time, we go to Dolly, the dairy-maid, and get some corn to feed the chickens, and then we go in to breakfast."

Margery.

Margery. "I see you are quite contented; you do not want gardens to increase your happiness."

Caroline. "No; we like better to see mama's flowers, and papa's strawberries, and peas, and cabbages grow in the garden, than take the ground for our amusement. But my father says, if his garden were larger, he would give us a bit; and that is very kind of him."

Margery.

Margery. “ As I see that you are good children, I will tell you a very pretty story (which I am sure you will be delighted with) about Edwin and Jeffy.”

Margery then related the story just as it is printed at the beginning of this little book ; and further promised, that she would certainly tell them another to the full as entertaining the very next time she came that way.

And

And now Margery and her young companions walked on. And William and Winifred determined, like good children, to be contented and happy, and not to fret and wish for those amusements which they could not get.

Margery commended this wise resolution, and they proceeded on their way.

As

As they went along, they observed a poor old man sitting by the road side, making rush seats for chairs.

“ Here, honest man,” said Margery ; and she threw him a sixpence.

“ Oh, God bleſs you, Madam,” replied the poor man ; “ the laſt ſixpence you gave me almost ſaved my dear little girl

from dying. She was very ill, and could not eat black bread and cheese, such as my wife and I live on, and with your sixpence I bought her a little bit of meat and a roll, and after that she was better."

Margery. " And how much, good man, do you make each day by your work ? "

Poor Man. " When I can sell my chair bottoms I earn about

two-

two-pence a day ; and my wife a penny. But it is hard living now, Madam ; the war makes every thing so dear."

Margery. "The war will soon be at an end, I hope. And how is your little daughter now ?"

Poor Man. "Oh, little Bess is almost well."

Margery. "Send her then to me to-morrow morning, and I will do something for her."

"God bless you, good lady," said again the poor man; and they walked on.

"I thought," said William, "it was not right to give money to poor people in the road."

Margery. "I never give to the young and the strong, who from idleness

idleness beg for the support of life. But you must observe that this poor creature sits in the road for want of a habitation, and works hard. To such a one I always give what little I can afford, and rejoice that Almighty God has blessed me with something more than is requisite to supply my own wants ; and by that means enabled me sometimes to reward

goodness, and give an encouragement to industry."

William sighed, " Oh, that I had money !"

Margery. " But my dear William should add, and oh, that I knew how to use it! You have got a good father and mother, and I dare say they will give you money, as soon as you are

are old enough to know how to spend it properly."

Now soon after, as they passed a village, they saw a little girl come out of a house, with her maid; and the little girl was dressed so fine! a watch by her side; and so many gay and gaudy things she had on! The poor child could not run, lest her watch should jump off; and she seemed even afraid of walk-

ing fast, for fear that her fine frock should catch in the furzes and brambles as she passed along.

And Margery, who knows all the little girls in the neighbourhood, said, " Well, Miss Helen, where are you going this afternoon?"

Helen replied, " To see Miss Amelia at that great house."

Margery.

Margery. "Then I suppose you are going to be very merry, as you are to pass the afternoon with your friend."

Helen. "No, I shall not be merry."

Margery. "Not merry! Why so, my dear?"

Helen. "If I were to play, I should perhaps break my watch,
or

or tear my frock, and then my mother would be angry."

Margery. " Poor child! But why do you wear such fine things?"

Helen. " Because my mother likes it; she says it makes little girls look handsome."

Margery. " And does it make you happy?"

Helen.

Helen. “ Oh no; it makes me sometimes so angry, when I see other little girls and boys running about, and playing at puffs in the corner, and hide and seek, to think that I cannot move; I often wish my fine things at the bottom of the river.”

Margery. “ But as your father and mother are very rich, you, no doubt, get a great deal of money,

money, and that certainly makes you happy?"

Helen. "No, I am tired of money; my Father gives me a great deal every day. But I do not care for it."

Margery. "And what do you do with this money which you do not care for?"

Helen.

Helen. "Oh I sometimes go to the pastry-cook's, and buy cakes and sugar plumbs; but I have had so many, I do not like *them* now. And sometimes I go to mother Thiby, who keeps the toy-shop, and make her shew me all the prettiest things she has got, and I buy them; but dolls and baby-houses do not amuse me now."

Winifred.

Winifred. “ But do you never go to the bookseller’s, and buy new books ? ”

Helen. “ No, what should I do that for ? I read to my governess in the morning, and then I am so teased with hard words, that I wish the books in the fire.”

Margery. “ Well, I will not detain you any longer ; you said you

you were engaged to drink tea with Miss Amelia; but if you will make me a visit to-morrow morning, I promise to amuse you, and to teach you how to be happier than you are now."

Helen thanked her, and said she would come as early as ever she could.

" Now," said Margery, as they walked on, " here is a

I — proof

proof that money does not always make people happy."

William. "That little girl does not know how to use money."

Margery. "That is true. However, her example may prove to you, that *to be rich*, and *to be happy*, is not the same thing. It is possible to be contented, and therefore happy, in poverty; and it is likewise pos-

sible

sible to be possessed of wealth,
and yet be miserable."

They had now reached the door of Margery's house; so this good Margery took them in, and gave them apples and biscuits, and nice new milk, for they were very hungry after their walk; and when they had taken as much as they liked, they wished Margery good day, and hurried home, lest their fa-

ther and mother should think they had stayed out too long.

The next morning William and Winifred, and Helen, all met together, according to the appointment ; and good Margery had prepared to amuse Helen as she promised. Now how do you think she had contrived it ?

She had collected from Newbery's, at the corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard, all the prettiest little books she could find ;
fables

fables and tales, and pretty stories about good children. And she did not ask Helen to read, but she read them to her; so she was amused without the trouble of stammering over all the hard words; and very much pleased she was.

"Well," said Margery, "is it not worth while to learn to read well, when books afford so much entertainment?"

"Indeed," said Helen, "it is; and I think, instead of buying any more cakes and toys, I will spend all my money in books."

"Not all," said Margery. "We will now take a walk; and you will presently be rejoicing that it is your happy lot to have so large a portion of that wealth, of which many others possess so little."

So

So out they went ; and after they had passed through a thick wood, and admired the sweet songs of a great many little birds, and observed the industrious ants, and other curious things, and then passed over several fields, they came to a little cottage. At the door sat a poor old woman ; she was very, very old, and her body bent double with age ; so that she could not work, nor do any thing else towards earning a livelihood.

Having

Having stopped, and pitied this poor helpless creature, they entered the hut; and there they saw a great many little children; pretty little things! but so poor, so ragged, that they were almost without clothes. One little infant, only a few months old, was lying on the floor crying, while its little brother was doing all he could, but in vain, to pacify her.

“ Where

“ Where is your mother,”
said Margery ?

“ She is in the field,” replied
a little girl. “ She has been very
busy all the week working ;
and now she is setting the po-
tatoes.”

Margery. “ Show us the way
into the field, my dear, and we
will go to her.”

The

The little smiling girl cheerfully obeyed.

" My good woman," said Margery, " you seem to be working very hard."

" Yes," said the poor woman, " I am in haste to get my potatoes set ; for it grieves my heart to leave my husband and my poor babes all alone."

William.

William. “ But why do you work in the fields ? Why does not your husband work there ? ”

Poor Woman. “ Oh, my husband worked as long as he could ; but he is so ill, that he cannot work now.”

William. “ What is the matter with him ? ”

Poor Woman. “ Oh, Sir, last summer, as he was loading a cart

cart for 'Squire Williamson, he fell down and hurt himself; and he has never been able to work since."

Winifred. " And how many children have you got ? "

Poor Woman. " Nine, Miss ; and I am their only support. They have nothing, but what I work to get for them."

William. "But you cannot provide for so many."

Poor Woman. "Yes, Sir, I do; I would work night and day, rather than my poor children should want any thing; though I sometimes sit down and cry, on thinking that I cannot get advice for my husband, and that my old mother wants more care than I can give her."

(Helen aside.)—“Poor family! And how many shillings have I thrown away in cakes and toys, while you were thus distressed!”

Margery. “Come, my good woman, if you can spare us a quarter of an hour, come, and shew us all your children, and your husband.”

The poor woman made Margery, and the young party, once

once more enter her miserable habitation. They then saw all the little ragged, half-clothed children assembled together ; near them sat their poor sick father, whose countenance plainly shewed that he was rapidly hastening to immortality ; and at the door was the old woman.

The eyes of every one, from the little crying babe on the floor, to the funk and hollow

eyes of age at the door,
glistened at the entrance of
the good mother.

Margery now said to Helen,
“ Here is an opportunity offered
you for the employment of
your overflowing purse ; here is
an opportunity for you to give
a renewal of life to sinking mi-
sery.”

Helen. “ And most gladly do
I embrace it.” She now said,

“ My

"My poor woman, get advice for your husband; I will pay for it; and I will give you a shilling a week to add to the comfort of your old mother."

Poor Woman. "Oh thank you, thank you, thank you, Miss."

Helen. "Stop, stop, my good woman, that is not all. I will take your eldest little girl, I

clothe her, and put her to school, and take care of her, until she is able to work, and can return to assist you in the care of your family."

Poor Woman. " Oh, my good lady, how shall I thank you? I cannot do it. But may Almighty God reward you for so much goodness!"

Helen felt delighted at this moment. Nothing interrupted

her

her satisfaction, but regret that she had spent so many shillings in folly, in gratifying her appetite, which might have been so usefully employed.

Margery now reminded her young friends that it was a pity to detain the poor woman from her work in the field; and so they took their leave.

Winifred said, as she was returning home, “ Oh that I had but money !”

Margery.

Margery. “ You may be useful, my dear, to these poor people, even without money. Observe in what ignorance poverty must unavoidably keep them. Now do you fix on one of the other little girls; and every day when you return from school, and have done your own duty for the day, make this child come to you, and teach her to read or to work; this will be doing a great charity; and a charity that may be done without money.”

William.

William. "But poor I can do nothing."

Margery. "Yes, my dear, you are older than your sister, and can write very well; you may teach her to write."

So they agreed to follow Margery's proposal, which delighted them very much.

"Now," said Margery to Helen, "here is a pleasure of
which

which you will not grow weary; for every day, every hour, must add to your joy, as you see your little girl improve, and then observe the happiness of the poor parents, who will be daily praising Almighty God, for having blessed you with a compassionate heart, and with ability to relieve such misery as theirs."

"Oh,"

“ Oh,” said Helen, “ I feel more happy than ever I did in my life.”

“ And,” said Margery to William and Winifred, “ you, my dears, may find constant opportunity for the exercise of benevolence, even without money. And most happy will your lives be, if you employ them in the endeavour to do good.”

Margery

Margery now took an affectionate leave of her young companions. She returned to her habitation at the foot of her favourite mount; and William, Winifred, and Helen went to their own homes.

F I N I S.



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